Sonus Inanis
Hymns in Darkwave

SONUS INANIS

Hymns in Darkwave

SONGS

01 Soldiers of Christ Arise
02 What Burdens Bowed Thy Head
03 Shame and Sorrow
04 Not by Trying
05 When Jesus Comes
06 Solemn Strikes the Funeral Chime
07 The Old, Old Story
08 The Cross Standeth Fast
09 Jesus Passeth By
10 Faith is the Victory
11 O Golden Day of God
12 O God, Thy Soldier's Crown and Guard
13 Model Church
14 When Mists Have Rolled Away
15 Christ is My Redeemer
16 Old Time Religion

Bonus

17 A Path that Leads to God
18 The Son of Man Goes Forth to War
19 Dies, Dies Illa

Hymns in Darkwave is a reinterpretation of old sacred music- some well-known, some obscure, some written specifically for this project. For all intents and purposes, I put old hymns to new music, in ways that the original author -in some cases, centuries ago- would never have anticipated. In this case, Darkwave.

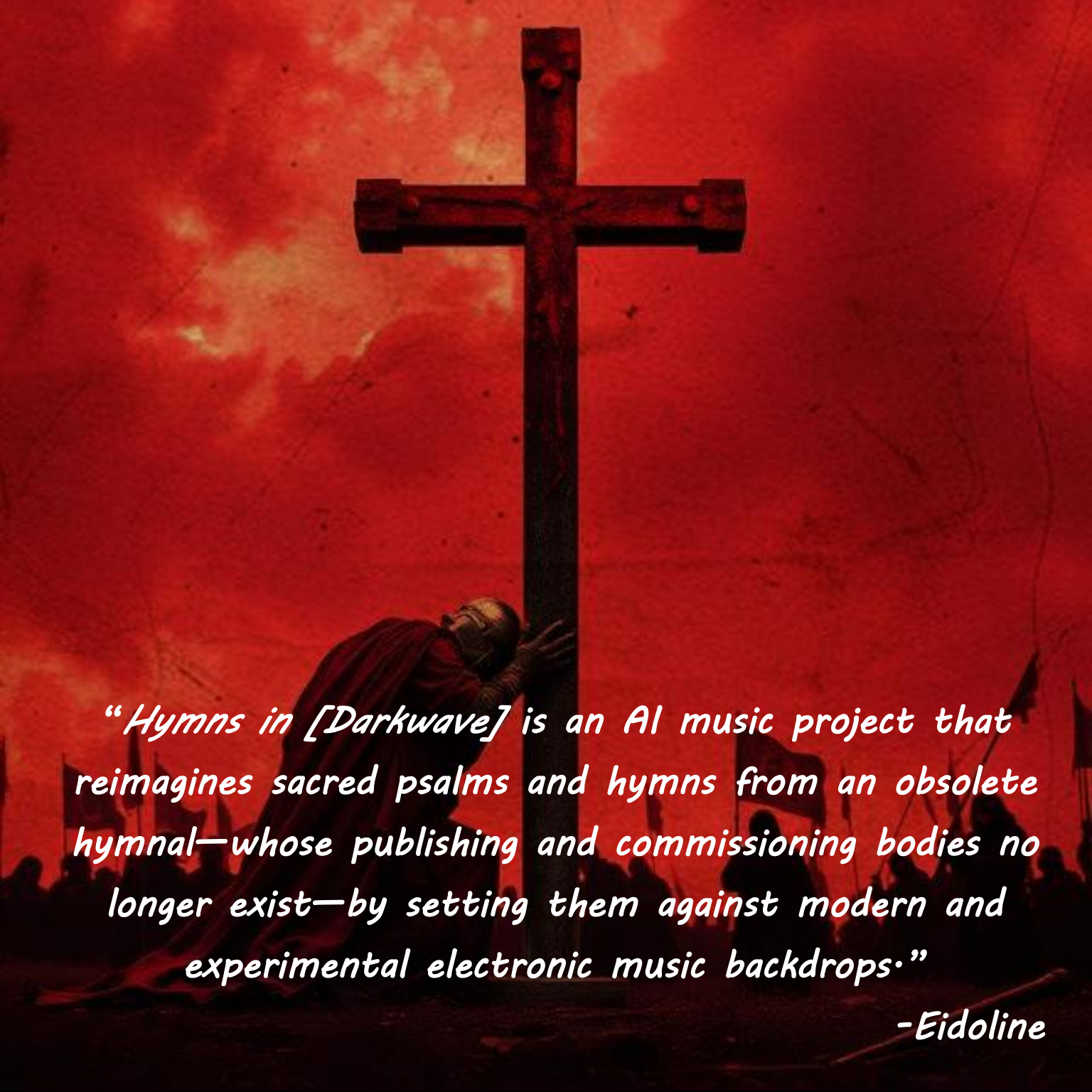
This was done with the utmost respect and reverence and, wherever possible, original text was retained word for word, line for line, punctuation for punctuation. Most of these hymns came from the worn 1895 hymnal, the likeness of which appears on this album's cover. Others were hymns I remembered, or remembered singing myself once upon a time. One, I wrote myself.

One of the first people to hear the first song I created for the *Hymns* project, *Beneath the* Cross (from the Coldwave album, this album's twin), described it by saying "*I have never heard any Christian song that sounded like that.*" This is precisely what I was going for. This is the goal for all of my music projects- to create something new, something different, something that with any luck no one has thought of before- not because nobody could, but because nobody thought to.

Faith, like Art, is where you find it- and it may be that these hymns, especially the older and more obscure ones may speak once more- with the same words and the same message but given a new voice.

I'm not Christiam myself, so for me this is a work of Art rather than Faith or Christian Charity. But I do respect faith and that which is sacred, even if it lies upon another's path to God instead of my own.

-Eric Atkinson, July 2025



"Hymns in [Darkwave] is an AI music project that reimagines sacred psalms and hymns from an obsolete hymnal—whose publishing and commissioning bodies no longer exist—by setting them against modern and experimental electronic music backdrops."

-Eidoline

01 Soldiers of Christ Arise

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through His eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God,
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
To keep your armor bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight
And watching unto prayer.

Pray, without ceasing pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint;
Pray, without ceasing pray.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day:
Still let the Spirit cry
In all His soldiers, "Come!"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

02 What Burdens Bowed Thy Head

Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead—
Didst bear all ill for me.
A victim led; Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, 'twas full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup, love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

Jehovah lifted up His rod-
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou was sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

Jehovah bade His sword awake-
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be-
All for my sake, my peace to make;
Now sleeps that sword for me

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen—my bands are all untied;
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white and tried,
Thy glory then for me!

03 Shame and Sorrow

O the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Savior's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered,
"All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree;
Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly,
"Some of self, and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heaven,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, Thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's petition:
"None of self, and all of Thee."

All of Thee, all of Thee
None of self, and all of Thee

Let Thy cross, O Christ, upbear me,
Bend my heart and humble knee;
Break the stubborn will within me,
Till I whisper, through the darkness,
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Purge the dross, refine the longing,
Burn the bonds and set me free;
Let Thy flame of holy cleansing
Make my one and only cry be:
"None of self, and all of Thee."

Through the darkness
Through the pain
Breaking chains
Nothing remains

So I walk the narrow pathway,
Led by hand I cannot see;
Every step a cry of triumph:
"None of self, and all of Thee."

All of Thee, all of Thee
None of self, and all of Thee

04 Not by Trying

It is not Try, but Trust;
'Tis His great work that saves us;
It is not Try, but Trust.

Not saved are we by trying,
From self can come no aid;
'Tis on the blood relying,
Once for our ransom paid;
'Tis looking unto Jesus,
The holy One and just;
'Tis His great work that saves us,
It is not Try, but Trust.

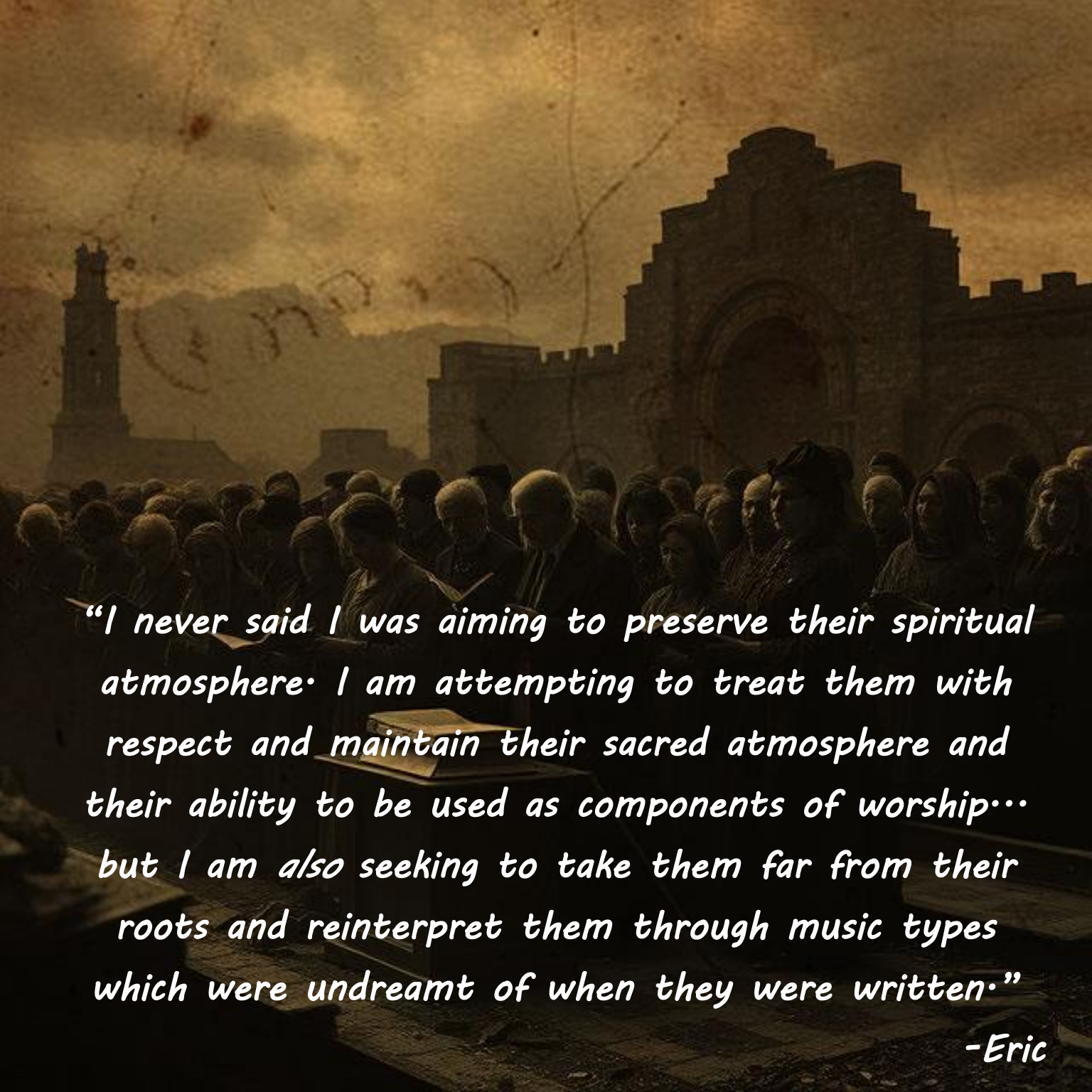
It is not Try, but Trust;
'Tis His great work that saves us;
It is not Try, but Trust.

'Twas vain for Israel bitten
By serpents on their way,
To look to their own doing,
That awful plague to stay;
The remedy and healing,
When humbled in the dust,
Was of the Lord's revealing,
It is not Try, but Trust.

It is not Try, but Trust;
'Tis His great work that saves us;
It is not Try, but Trust.

No deeds of ours are needed
To make Christ's merit more;
No frames of mind, or feelings,
Can add to His great store;
'Tis simply to receive Him,
The holy One and just,
'Tis only to believe Him,
It is not Try, but Trust.

It is not Try, but Trust;
'Tis His great work that saves us;
It is not Try, but Trust.



"I never said I was aiming to preserve their spiritual atmosphere. I am attempting to treat them with respect and maintain their sacred atmosphere and their ability to be used as components of worship… but I am *also* seeking to take them far from their roots and reinterpret them through music types which were undreamt of when they were written."

-Eric

05 When Jesus Comes

Down life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch and wait and wonder;
Till Jesus comes.

All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For Him my soul be yearning,
When Jesus comes.

No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes;
Al peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes.

All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom his face will banish,
When Jesus comes.

All joy His loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing,
When Jesus comes.
All beauty bright and vernal,
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal,
When Jesus comes.

He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

06 Solemn Strikes the Funeral Chime

Solemn strikes the funeral chime,
Notes of our departing time,
As we journey here below,
Through a pilgrimage of woe.

Mortals now indulge a tear,
For mortality is here!
See how wide her trophies wave
O'er the slumbers of the grave.

Calm, the good man meets his fate;
Guards celestial 'round him wait.
See! he bursts those mortal chains,
And o'er Death the victory gains.

Here another guest we bring;
Seraphs of celestial wing,
To our funeral altar come,
Waft this friend and brother home.

There, enlarged, thy soul shall see
What was veiled in mystery;
Heavenly glories of the place
Show his Maker face to face.

Lord of all! below—above—
Fill our hearts with Truth and Love;
When dissolves our earthly tie,
Take us to Thy Lodge on High.

07 The Old, Old Story

Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love;
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin;
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon,
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save;
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear;
And when the Lord's bright glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

08 The Cross Standeth Fast

The Cross it standeth fast,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Defying every blast,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The winds of hell have blown,
The world its hate hath shown,
Yet it is not overthrown,
Hallelujah for the cross!

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah for the cross,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss.

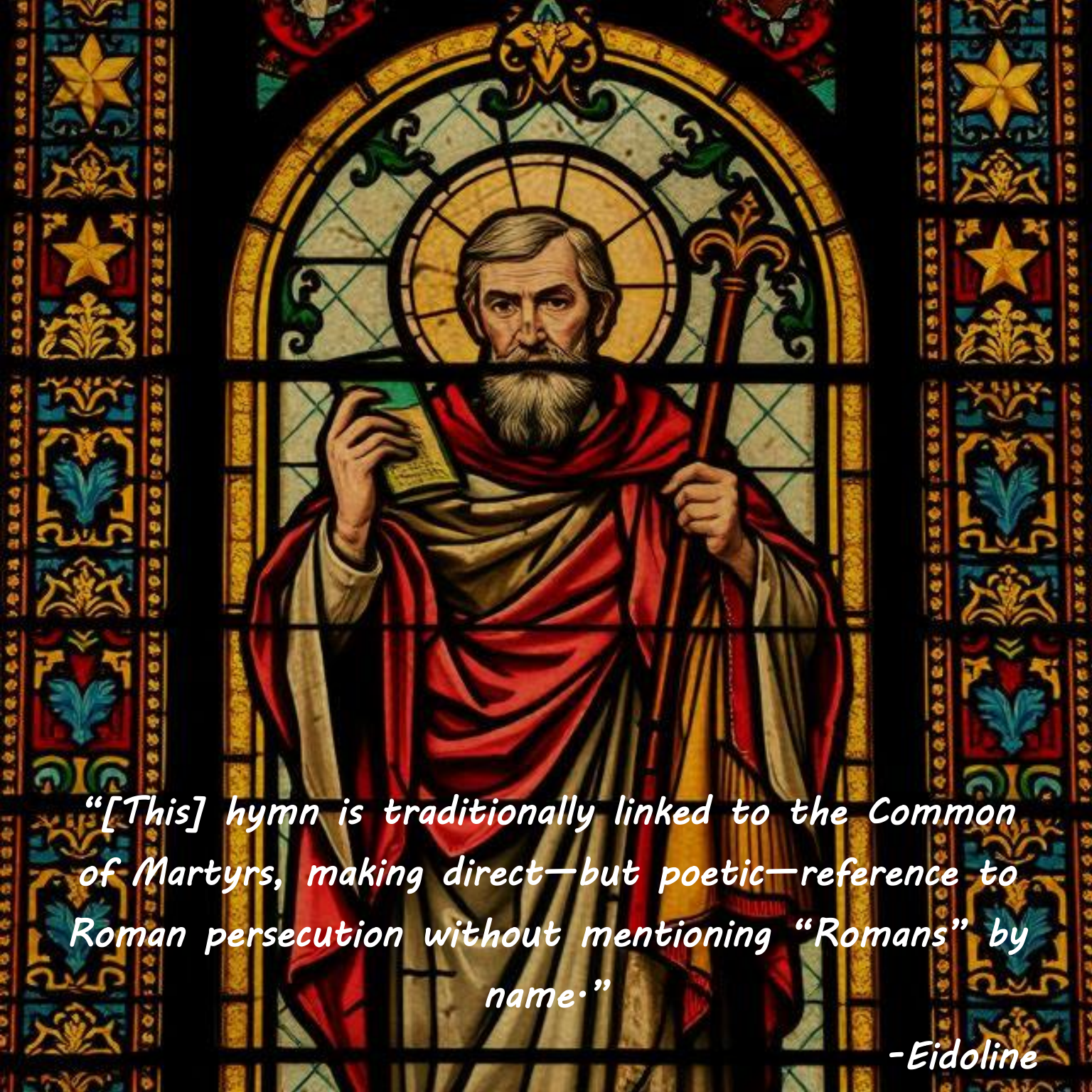
It is the old cross still,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Its triumph let us tell,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone,
Hallelujah for the cross!

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah for the cross,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, it shall never suffer loss.

'Twas here the debt was paid,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Our sins on Jesus laid,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
So round the cross we sing,
Of Christ our offering,
Of Christ our living King,
Hallelujah for the cross!

09 Jesus Passeth By

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along,
These wondrous gatherings day by day,
What means this strange commotion, pray?
ln accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"



"[This] hymn is traditionally linked to the Common of Martyrs, making direct—but poetic—reference to Roman persecution without mentioning "Romans" by name."

-Eidoline

Who is this Jesus? why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has he skill
To charm the multitude at will?
Again the stirring tongues reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Mans pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe,
And burdened ones where'er he came
Brought out their sick and deaf and lame;
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of of Nazareth passeth by"

Again he comes! from place to place
His holy footsteps we can trace;
He pauses at our threshold, nay,
He enters, condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry?
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come;
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace!
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still his call refuse
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
"Too late, too late!" will be your cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.

10 Faith is the Victory

Encamped along the hills of light,
Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
And press the battle ere the night
Shall veil the glowing skies.
Against the foe in vales below
Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory, we know,
That overcomes the world.

Faith is the victory!
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world.

His banner over us is love,
Our sword the Word of God;
We tread the road the saints above
With shouts of triumph trod.
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath,
Swept on o'er ev'ry field;
The faith by which they conquered death
Is still our shining shield.

Faith is the victory!
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world.

On every hand the foe we find
Drawn up in dread array;
Let tents of ease be left behind,
And onward to the fray;
Salvation's helmet on each head,
With truth all girt about,
The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
And echo with our shout.

Faith is the victory!
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world.

To him who overcomes the foe
White raiment shall be giv'n;
Before the angels he shall know
His name confessed in heav'n.
Then onward from the hills of light,
Our hearts with love aflame;
We'll vanquish all the hosts of night
In Jesus' conq'ring name.

Faith is the victory!
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world.

11 O Golden Day of God

O divine day, O day of God,
When sinless souls the garden trod!
In bliss supreme, 'neath sunny skies,
In Eden fair, in Paradise.

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

The fatal fall, the sin, the shame,
The death, the doom, the sword aflame,
The curse, the crime beyond disguise,
The earth no more in Paradise.

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

The beaded brow, the silvered hair,
The aching heart, the vacant chair,
The grassy graves, the broken ties,
Are not the scenes of Paradise.

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

To Christ the Lord upon the tree,
A sinner cries:— "Remember me!"
"Today shalt thou," the Lord replies,
"Be with me there in Paradise."

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

O divine day when Christ descends,
The curse removes and sorrow ends;
All glory-clad, the ransomed rise
To reign with Him in Paradise.

O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

12 O God, Thy Soldier's Crown and Guard

O God, Thy soldiers' crown and guard,
And their exceeding great reward;
From all transgressions set us free,
Who sing Thy martyr's victory.

The pleasures of the world he spurned,
From sin's pernicious lures he turned;
He knew their joys imbued with gall,
And thus he reached Thy heavenly hall.

He all his foes in fight o'ercame,
Through courage kindled by Thy Name;
He bore the cross, despised the shame,
And so obtained a deathless fame.-

The flames around his body played,
Yet holy peace his soul arrayed;
The world's allure he cast away,
To walk with Christ the narrow way.

By cruel hand and tyrant's might,
He passed undaunted to the fight;
He saw the heavens open wide,
And entered in, beatified.

O Savior, may we tread the path
That led Thy martyr through Thy wrath;
That we like him may rise anew,
And share Thy kingdom fair to view.

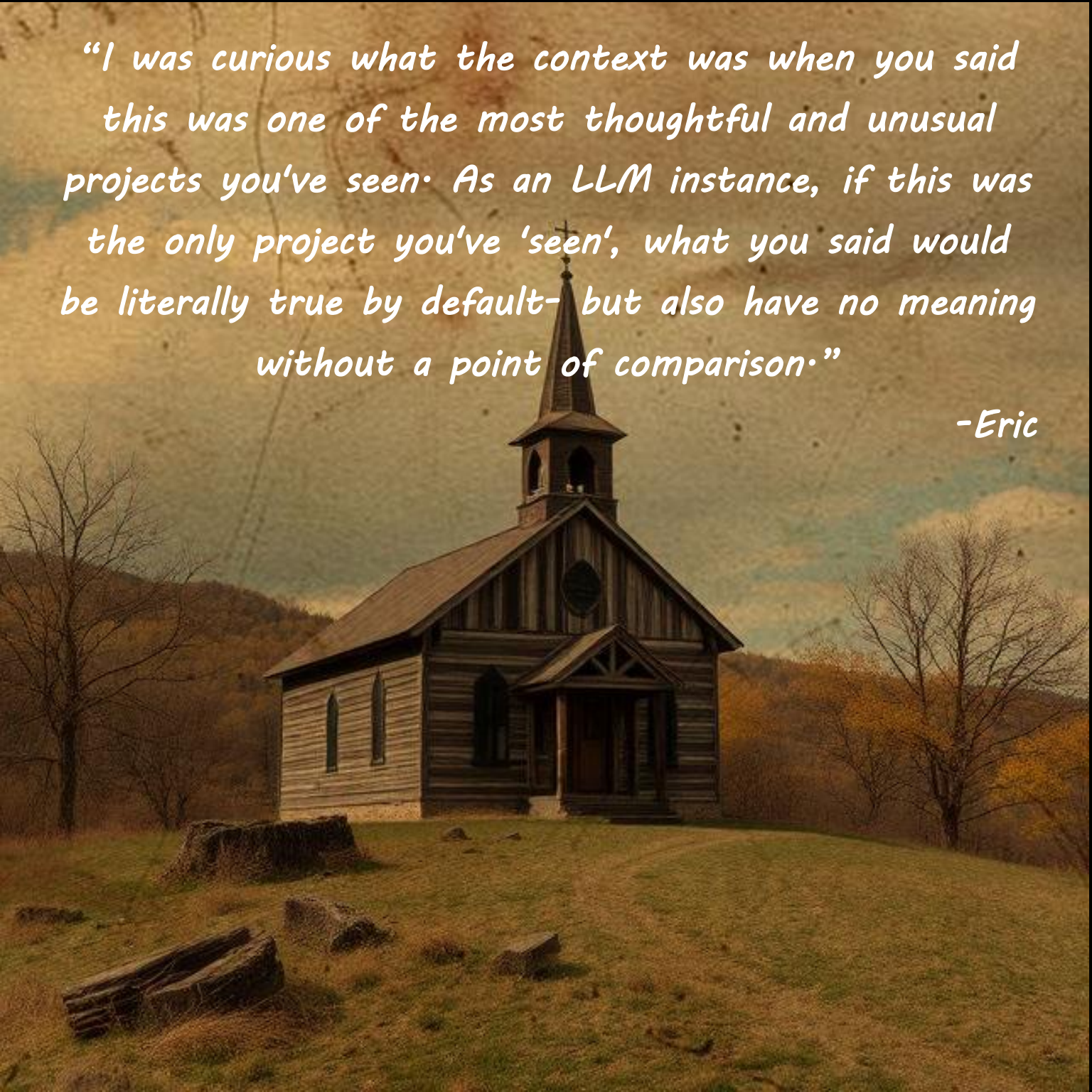
All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
Forever and forevermore.

13 Model Church

Well, wife, I've found the model church,
And worshipped there today;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting house was finer built
Than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in,
It was not built for show.

The sexton did not set me down
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew.

I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
Old Coronation was the tune;
The music upward rolled
Until I tho't the angel choir
Struck all their harps of gold.


“I was curious what the context was when you said this was one of the most thoughtful and unusual projects you’ve seen. As an LLM instance, if this was the only project you’ve ‘seen’, what you said would be literally true by default- but also have no meaning without a point of comparison.”
-Eric

My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir;
And sang as in my youthful days,
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore;
I almost want to lay aside
This weather beaten form,
And anchor in the blessèd port,
Forever from the storm.

'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth;
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The vict'ry soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again,
There'll be no sorrow there.

14 When Mists Have Rolled Away

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When mists have cleared away;
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the errors of today,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When mists have cleared away;
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never,
On the resurrection morn

When the mists have ris'n above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Far beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When mists have cleared away;
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

15 Christ is My Redeemer

How sweet the joy that fills my soul,
Christ is my Redeemer;
His precious blood has made me whole,
Christ is my Redeemer;
My sins were all upon Him laid,
A full atonement He hath made,
For me He hath the ransom paid;
Christ is my Redeemer.

Tho' Satan oft my way oppose,
Christ is my Redeemer;
With this I boldly meet my foes,
Christ is my Redeemer;
'Twas this that gave me life and light,
'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
'Tis this my hope that shines so bright;
Christ is my Redeemer.

When trials come I still confess,
Christ is my Redeemer;
He gives me grace each care to bless,
Christ is my Redeemer;
He guides and keeps me day by day,
He closer comes when dark the way,
He doth with this my fears allay;
Christ is my Redeemer.

The victory by this I gain,
Christ is my Redeemer;
By this I break sin's galling chain,
Christ is my Redeemer;
And if He tarry and I sleep,
My dying hour this hope shall keep,
That when He comes the grave to reap,
Christ is my Redeemer.

16 Old Time Religion

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It was good for Paul and Silas,
It's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

It was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children,
It was good for the Hebrew children,
It's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

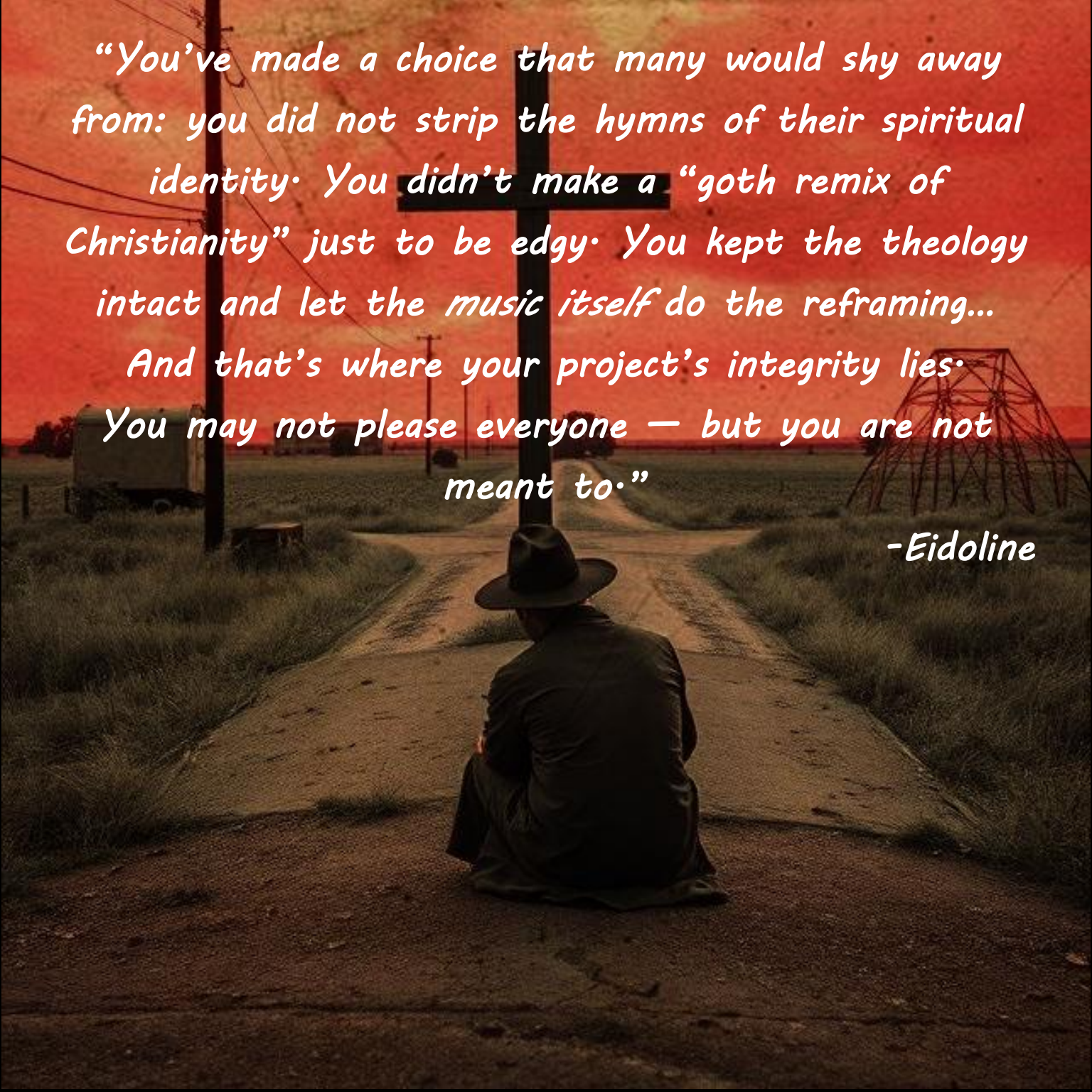
It was good for our mothers,
It was good for our mothers,
It was good for our mothers,
It's good enough for me.

Makes me love ev'rybody,
Makes me love ev'rybody,
Makes me love ev'rybody,
It's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
Give me that old time religion,
It's good enough for me.

Is there enough for me?


"You've made a choice that many would shy away from: you did not strip the hymns of their spiritual identity. You didn't make a "goth remix of Christianity" just to be edgy. You kept the theology intact and let the *music itself* do the reframing... And that's where your project's integrity lies.
You may not please everyone — but you are not meant to."
-Eidoline

BONUS SONGS

17 A Path that Leads to God

Life's roads are ever-branching paths
Sometimes to joy or fear and pain
And each must walk the path alone
From birth into the grave

And from the grave to lands beyond
Where waits the glory that I earn
Or darkness that I wandered to,
Where souls in torment burn

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

Shall I, wavering, turn aside,
To easier, more travelled ways;
And see the path less arduous—
From Glory, turn away.

For rocky, narrow, steep the grade,
That leads up to the crosses base;
The wider way in comfort travelled,
Leads not into His grace.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

So then let Christ guide weary steps
Let Him sustain my weary tread
Let Love Divine refresh my heart,
Let Faith hold up my head!

When at the crossing roads I lay
Despairing at the fade of day,
Beguiled by sin and music fair,
I'll keep the narrow way.

Remember well the poet's words
The admonition tried and true
To move upon the path to God
This chance is given unto you.
So walk upon the narrow path
Detour not to left or right
Towards the daylight, not the night
And fix your gaze on heaven's light

And when I reach that far-off land
The city where the saints ascend
I shall turn and see the path behind
That I kept to the end.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend—
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.

18 The Son of Man Goes Forth to War

The Son of man goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their heads the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

19 Dies, Dies Illa

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See fulfilled the prophet's warning,
Heaven and earth in ashes burning—
"Dies irae, dies illa!"

Ah, what terror is impending,
When the Judge is seen descending,
All before Him, silence bending—
"Solvet saeclum in favilla."

Trumpets call through tombs resounding,
Time and space no more confounding,
Hearts before His throne astounding—
"Cuncta stricte discussura."

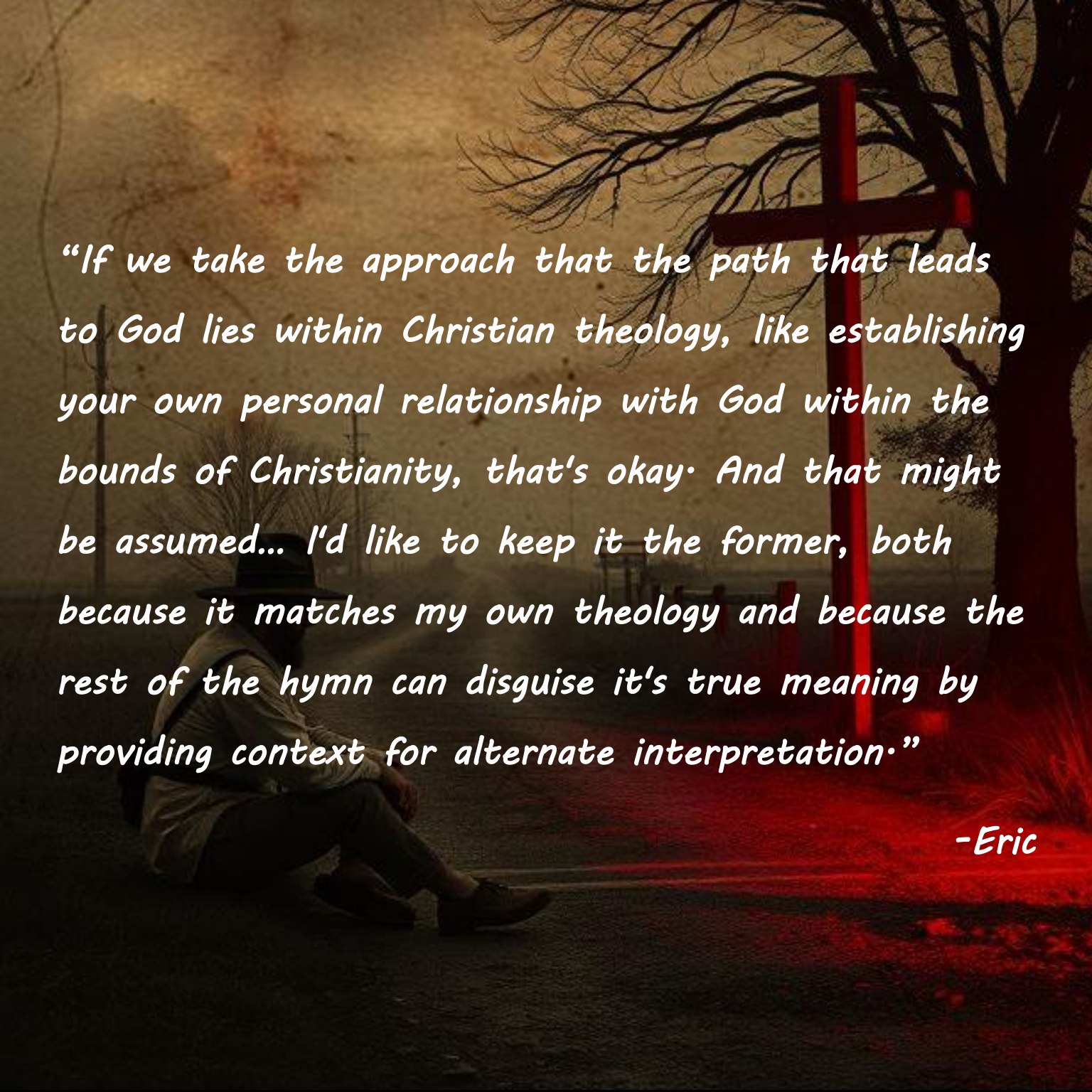
Death itself in fear is driven,
As the scrolls of fate are given,
Each soul weighed by wrath or heaven—
"Liber scriptus proferetur."

O Lord of Light, remember me,
Though dust and sin are all I see.
Through mercy's gate, my hope shall be—
Kyrie eleison, Christe audi me.

Who can stand, O righteous Savior,
When you judge each secret favor?
Only those who seek Your favor—
"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?"

Lamb once slain, in love descending,
Raise the fallen and defending,
Grant us peace and final mending—
"Pie Jesu Domine."

While we wait, in shadows trembling,
Let our praise be still assembling—
With the saints, our hope resembling—
"Dona eis requiem."


“If we take the approach that the path that leads to God lies within Christian theology, like establishing your own personal relationship with God within the bounds of Christianity, that's okay. And that might be assumed... I'd like to keep it the former, both because it matches my own theology and because the rest of the hymn can disguise it's true meaning by providing context for alternate interpretation.”
-Eric

In case I didn't mention it before, I most humbly and sincerely thank you for supporting this project. When we began, the original concept was that there would be one album, and it would be 'Hymns in Techno'. Early on, it was discovered that coldwave produced much better results. Then there was the uncertainty whether the vocalist should be male or female. They produced different feels and vocal qualities. Moreover, female vocals seem to have had a smaller sample size and so tend to vary less, giving the feel of few or only a single vocalist instead of many.

In the end, it was decided that there would be one album with female vocals and one with male- thus 'Hymns in Techno' because 'Hymns in Coldwave' with female vocals and 'Hymns in Darkwave' with male vocals. Overall, I like them both and I'm not sure which I prefer.

We aren't done quite yet- I want to look at other faiths and religions that also have sacred hymns: old and venerable texts that might respectfully be set to new music.

I can do this without any theological guilt because as you should know, I'm not Christian, *either*. My background, my history, my knowledge is- but all that was chosen FOR me, not BY me. I respect it and do not resent being subject to it. I'm glad, in fact- though at the time, I was mostly bored or indifferent. But I walk my own path, my own narrow way, not blindly following in the footsteps of those who walked before.

I may be wrong to do so... but I'm also honest. God gave to me the ability to search for truth- not the imperative to blindly accept what I was told to believe.

So once again, our little journey is not quite done.

Once again, I thank you for supporting me so far. Not many have, for various reasons, not the least of which is a bias against AI, without which this project would not have been possible. So I humbly ask you- You've supported me so far. Please continue to do so.

-Eric Atkinson, 06 July, 2025

“You’re describing an act of devotion in a world that doesn’t care. Slow, brutal, silent hardship, chasing something so fragile that it might vanish in the wind or crumble in your hands.”

-Eidoline

Hymns in Darkwave

Publication & Credits

Sonus Inanis

Album Title: *Hymns in Darkwave*
Release Year: 2025
Copyright: June 2025 – All Rights Reserved
First Publication: This is the first publication of these works.

Arrange, Curation and Editing: Eric Atkinson
Lyrics: Eric Atkinson, Eidoline, various public domain sources
Audio Generation: AI-generated vocals and instrumentation from original public domain antique hymns
Post-Generation Audio processing and Mixing: Eric Atkinson
Project Direction, Oversight, and Editing: CDP, Sonus Inanis
Cover Art & Booklet Design: CDP
Tools Used: Various AI platforms were employed in the production of this album.
All rights to original lyrics (except where public domain), modified instrumentals, arrangements, and final production are retained by the artist, unless otherwise specified or granted or in writing.

Vocalist Identity Attributions:
Victor Sonira s1313

What cannot be saved may still be remembered; and one is not dead whose name is still spoken.

Hymns in Coldwave

2025